

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

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The Lover's Errand

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand. Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest. Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure. Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom. All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict. Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse. To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing. As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel. Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean! "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation. "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?" Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence? Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England? Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion; Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan. All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly! This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger. For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices, Worshipping Ashtoreth blindly, and impious idols of Baal. This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution." So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand; Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebbles and shallows. Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him, Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness. Children lost in the woods and covered with leaves in their slumber. "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens. Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!" So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth. Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them; Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish. Soon to be thrown away, as is the heart of the giver." So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand; Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean. Sallies, somber and cold with the comfortless breath of the east wind; Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow; Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla. Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem, Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist. Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many. Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle. While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion. Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth. Printed in Amsterdam, the words and music together. Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard. Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses. Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem. She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest. Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being; Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless. Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand; All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished. All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion. Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces. Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it: "Let not him that putteth his hand to

the plow look backward; Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains. Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living. It is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth for ever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold, Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome. Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage; For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning." Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled. Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden, Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer. Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter. After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village. Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway. Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside. Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm. Had he but spoken then, perhaps not in vain had he spoken; Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful spring-time. Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow. "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden. "Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England.— They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden; Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet. Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together. And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding; Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders. How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction. How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth; He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England. Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish; Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded. Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent Combed and wattled gules, and all the

so very eager to wed me. Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter. Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy— Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer: "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married. Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?" That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you can not. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one. Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another. Then you abrupt and sudden avowal, with abrupt and sudden desire. And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected, Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing. This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me. Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me. Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

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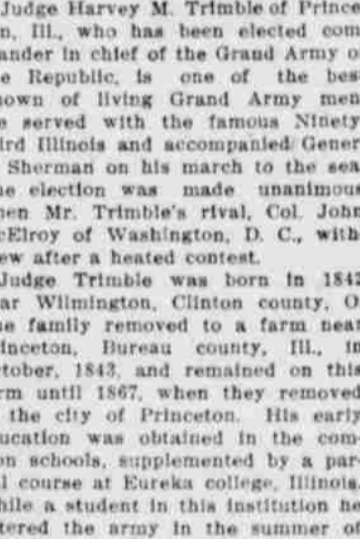
WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

FOE OF FOOD EXPERT WILEY



According to the evidence before the house investigation, Solicitor George F. McCabe is the man who has been trying to oust Dr. Wiley from the bureau of chemistry of the agricultural department. Although he has been the active adversary of Dr. Wiley for a long time, it is only recently that McCabe has been brought further into the limelight. When the pure food and drugs act went on the statute books McCabe became "solicitor" of the agricultural department. Congress specified that the bureau of chemistry should be the arbiter of questions arising under the pure food and drugs act. Wiley was head of the bureau. But McCabe said in effect that the "solicitor" of the department, the position he was occupying, should be the actual arbiter of the questions involved in the act. That was the beginning of the struggle for supremacy. Young McCabe is the son of a railroad engineer of Utah, and came to Washington in 1899. He passed a civil service examination in Utah, which entitled him to a position in the treasury department at \$55 per month. He took the job and decided to study law. His salary was raised to \$100 per month before he had been in the treasury department many months. In 1901 he was transferred to the agricultural department. McCabe prepared all the bills that were sent to congress both for appropriations and on other matters. He prepared a bill that raised his own salary to \$2,500 and he prepared a bill that authorized him to take on assistants. The department of agriculture had no legally appointed solicitor. McCabe decided to be the solicitor of the department in name as well as in fact, and he wrote an appropriation bill in which the word "solicitor" was used in specifying the salary he was to receive. Congress passed the bill. McCabe was "the solicitor" and has continued to be so called.

NEW CHIEF OF GRAND ARMY



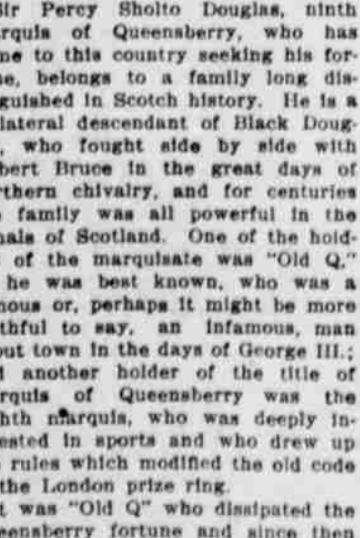
Judge Harvey M. Trimble of Princeton, Ill., who has been elected commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is one of the best known of living Grand Army men. He served with the famous Ninety-third Illinois and accompanied General Sherman on his march to the sea. The election was made unanimous when Mr. Trimble's rival, Col. John McElroy of Washington, D. C., withdrew after a heated contest. Judge Trimble was born in 1842 near Wilmington, Clinton county, O. The family removed to a farm near Princeton, Bureau county, Ill., in October, 1843, and remained on this farm until 1867, when they moved to the city of Princeton. His early education was obtained in the common schools, supplemented by a partial course at Eureka college, Illinois. While a student in this institution he entered the army in the summer of 1862, in the Ninety-third regiment of Illinois volunteers, of which regiment he became the sergeant major. He participated in all the campaigns of his regiment. Among old soldiers he has always been active, having served as the president of the Bureau County Soldiers' association, and commander of Ferris post No. 300, Grand Army of the Republic, at Princeton, and also as commander of the department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic.

HAYTI'S LATEST PRESIDENT



Just at present "Gen." Cincinnatus Leconte claims the right to be called president of Haiti. He's a mulatto with a reputation for blood lust. When old Nord Alexis was president in 1908 Leconte was minister of the interior in his cabinet. A black man named Simon got up a revolution and for months there was bloodshed in Haiti. Leconte ordered ten prominent sympathizers with the revolution to be taken from their beds in Port au Prince, marched them to a cemetery, stood them up in a row, shot them to death and buried them on the spot. Nevertheless the revolution succeeded. Old Nord Alexis was driven into exile and Simon was made president. Of course Leconte had to flee from the blood-stained black republic. He took refuge in Jamaica and began intriguing for the downfall of Simon and his own elevation to the presidency. In May he returned and began what proved to be a successful revolt. In the meantime "Gen." Antenor Firmin was heading another revolt. The two rebel armies approached Port au Prince from different directions. It looked as though Port au Prince was to be given up to rapine, but the American minister, H. M. Furniss, went out to the rebels and told them they could come in and take possession, but if they began the old program of slaughtering the people and destroying property they would have to reckon with Uncle Sam. Leconte's army marched in, he was proclaimed president and the senate regularly elected him for the term of seven years.

SEEKS FORTUNE IN AMERICA



Sir Percy Sholto Douglas, ninth marquis of Queensberry, who has come to this country seeking his fortune, belongs to a family long distinguished in Scotch history. He is a collateral descendant of Black Douglas, who fought side by side with Robert Bruce in the great days of northern chivalry, and for centuries the family was all powerful in the annals of Scotland. One of the holders of the marquisate was "Old Q," as he was best known, who was a famous or, perhaps it might be more truthful to say, an infamous man, about town in the days of George III.; and another holder of the title of marquis of Queensberry was the eighth marquis, who was deeply interested in sports and who drew up the rules which modified the old code of the London prize ring. It was "Old Q" who dissipated the Queensberry fortune and since then the family has been poor. The present marquis has tried his hand at many occupations. He has been a midshipman in the navy, a sheep farmer and gold miner in Australia, a speculator on the London stock exchange and a manufacturer of cement. A few years ago he went through bankruptcy proceedings.



"Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John?"

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion; Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England. You will say it is wrong, but I can not help it; I almost Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you; Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on; So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters— Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases, But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy; Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless; Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence: "If the great Captain of Plymouth is

rest of the blazon. He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature; Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's; Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong. Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always, Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature; For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous; Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language, Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter, Said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Result. "I suppose these garden seeds I sent saved you quite a little money," said the affable statesman. "No," replied Mr. Growcher. "I hadn't the heart to waste 'em and the result is that I'm in debt for garden implements."

Domestic Repartee.
Professor McGoozle was deeply absorbed in the effort to take the tangle out of a knotty point in metaphysics. "Lyander," said his wife, looking up from the paper she had been reading, "what does it cost to have one's name changed?" "It never cost you anything to have yours changed, Alvira," irritably answered the professor. "I paid all the expenses." "The worm turned at last. "That was no more than you should have done," she snapped, "considering that I changed my name from Vanderpole to McGoozle."—Chicago Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

"Well, well, well," said the kindly stranger, patting little Mollie on the head, "I suppose you are your papa's little darling?" "I don't know yet, thir," lisped Mollie. "The court hathn't dectided yet. Jutht now I'm the pet of the Matrimonial Fidelity & Cautality Truth company, thir!"—Life.

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